

FOR THE LADIES.

Expensive Billiard Tables for Our Bon Ton Girls.

Women in Massachusetts and How They Should be Protected from the Foreign Influence—Fashion's Fancies.

"One Foot on the Floor, Please."



"Twas pleasant on the winter nights To see the shaded lights Her classic head bent low; To watch her fingers make A tiny 'bridge' and count each 'break' Of this heart-breaking game."

And though she said it was a sin To beat her, I could always win To learn such pretty things; While 'mid the winning stroke I made, It seemed to me as if I played— A very losing game.

There's knots in the rattling strokes You make and a fire of jokes From chaffing fellow-men; But should a heavy turn away And you at your superior play— You're other feelings then.

No "hazard" that my cunning eye, With all my greatest skill, could do, Or "lucky" "hike" might get, Could ever make me feel I ran In playing—miserable man!— With such a thing as wit.

And though I lost such heaps of gloves In betting with her, when one loves Such losing bets are hot; And since she loved me night and day, I only had at billiard play The chances of a "rest."

The "cannon" on the table green Will to a cannon come I ween, Who'll be me to a while; And she, with backers not a few, Will quietly put on the "screw," And "pocket" me for life.

Ladies who Play Billiards.

Mrs. Potter Palmer designed a billiard table for her own use, the cost over \$1,000 to manufacture. When not in use it has the appearance of a dining table, and is then covered with a beautiful table spread. The one rack is hidden from view by a curtain of gold-wool tapestry. It is the first piece of furniture that strikes the eye on entering the main hall of the palace on the Sheridan road. It would not be recognized as a billiard table until it is prepared for use. Mr. Palmer told Mr. Bensinger, of the Brunswick-Balke-Coller Co., that he thought he would be criticised for allowing the table in his house, but since discovered that his wife's idea was correct. Mrs. Palmer plays billiards very nicely. Mrs. Wirt Dexter has also a table made after her own idea. She lives next to Mrs. Palmer on Prairie Avenue. Through Mrs. Pullman's kind offices, Mrs. Dexter has become very entertaining with the cue. Nine-tenths of the tables that are sold nowadays for private use are for the accommodation of young ladies. Hugo Goodman, of 1333 Wabash avenue, has two daughters, Minnie and Fannie, the latter the wife of Jacob Newman, the attorney. They are both splendid players. Mr. Goodman has had a room in his spacious house fitted up with pool and billiard tables for the benefit of his daughters and their lady friends. General Strong paid \$5,000 to fit up a billiard hall in his home to his liking. The general is a great society man. At the numerous parties given at his home billiards is the chief diversion. Mrs. Sutter has recently purchased a new cue for her cue. She is also a devotee of the game and executes with rare skill. Mrs. Sutter has several brothers whose wives also like to play billiards. Miss Wendell, the elocutionist, is one of the best lady experts in Chicago. She plays at the Thurst Club. Hiram Cool's sister plays fifty or no count. She can discount most of the gentlemen amateurs in the city, while Miss Ida Downs, of Richland, has frequently made runs of over 100, and is a very strong cushion carom player. Frank, the cushion carom player, allowed her the opening stroke in a fifty-point game and did not get a shot. His companions have challenged him on his defeat ever since.—Chicago Herald.

Women in Massachusetts.

Said a well-known man about town to a Boston Herald writer: "There seems to be a common idea among people that a greater number of female children are born in Massachusetts than males, and there seems to be some reason for such belief. According to the last census—there is no other standard—that there were in this state 1,943,141 people. The females numbered 1,006,207 and the males 936,934, leaving a beautiful female surplus of 66,273. This political economist, without meaning any unkindness to his sisters, says that the surplus must be treated by the very simple rules of supply and demand, and considered merely as a commodity for barter; but let us now conclude that the political economist in our day and country try to fix a value on women. Oh, no; they merely speak of women as representing so much labor, and therefore meeting a demand in the labor market which women can supply. This market which women can supply and explain in a manufacturing community like ours, where in almost every industry there is some demand for the labor of females.

"In Boston, with its large stores employing hundreds of women, and its thousands of trades, some of which are dependent alone entirely on woman's labor, it is but reasonable to find a surplus, but it is a big surplus of 19,039 in a population of 990,345, there being 294,311 females to 186,181 males; but there is no immediate danger to the society or political interests of men because they are outnumbered by women, nor is the services of Corporal Tanner likely to be required to tell the people of Boston what to do with the female surplus.

"As there are doctors of medicine, doctors of divinity, and doctors of almost everything, so when this great country of ours is blessed with a national university let us hope that there will be doctors of politics; then the people may look with confidence to a scientific solution of the problem of our distribution, especially if women are all given the right to vote and political out the pleasures and profits to political parties.

"Now it is plain that the excess of females in this state is due to the inferior position of foreigners and as all things are now being protected by our maternal government would it not be well to protect our native women as well as our sheep and goats? Charge each foreign

woman who enters this state her weight in gold, then there will be fewer women than men and the women will be sought for. When women are required at home men can have the places now occupied by them in the trades and fix the rate of wages, so that it is for the interest of all to protect our native women and thereby solve many knotty social and political problems. By all means protect our women."

In Fashion's Glass.

Among the new colors are pale duck-foot, blue de Rhone, and amaranth red.

The young German Empress rides horseback in a tight-fitting white riding-habit trimmed with scarlet, and wears a large Rembrandt hat adorned with long white ostrich feathers.

Leather trimmings will be considerably worn during the coming season, in skirt bands, waistcoats, and collars and cuffs, the latter being already on sale in the London shops in varying shades of gray, brown, green, red, and black, with ornamental stitching.

Ribbons have undergone a complete change. Picot edges are no longer popular, while varied or self-colored flowers and groupings of leaves are interwoven. The Rocco ribbons have satin edges and manifold flowers, sprays, and buds displayed in the weaving.

Garnet ornaments are coming into favor again. Bracelets, brooches, stickpins, combs, and the new Creole earrings all display finely-cut garnets set in gold.

The traveling-dress of homespun worn by the Princess Louise will undoubtedly set the fashion for brides' going-away costumes this fall and winter.

Plain, tight-fitting sleeves, trimmed only at the wrists, are rarely seen now except on very stout ladies. Sleeves in general are very dressy, but the novelty in this respect may be said to consist more in arrangement than in form.

Skirts this fall will be more elaborately trimmed around the foot than formerly, which will of course increase the demand for expensive shoes and fanciful hosiery.

Birds in every conceivable mode of arrangement will trim the new fall hats, in clusters in flocks as though flying, and even nestling, and in all shades from the palest canary to black, will be the fancy, until the human society will wring its hands in despair. Besides birds, wings, quills, cockades, nodding tips, and even, waving plumes, promise to be popular.

The Kokochnik, or Russian opera-hood, has increased in proportions since its first advent among us, and is now arranged to envelop the shoulders like a wrap. The crown band is generally of velvet, embroidered more or less elaborately with gold and pearls, while the drapery is of fine chudash or cashmere.

Young ladies at the various summer resorts accompany their evening toilet with wreaths of fine smilax encircling their brows, which are both dainty and becoming.

Rich Men's Wives at the Bank.

Confession of a Dearborn street bank cashier: "A man in a bank is not allowed to talk about his business, and I reckon that's right. But what you have just been saying prompts me to tell you something under cover. There isn't one depositor in 200 who will allow his wife to check against his money. Occasionally a man leaving town will come in and ask us to honor his wife's checks to a certain amount. A woman doesn't seem to have any sense about money in bank, unless she is her own depositor, and then she is apt to be a good deal of a nuisance. She will come down shopping, for instance. She buys a bill at one house for \$13.89 and she gives a check for that sum. She makes a purchase at another house to the amount of \$8.39 and gives a check for that. And she goes on shopping a half day, giving a check for every purchase. And the next day she comes to the bank and wants to know if the checks have been presented, and then she wants to know if we can't balance up her book. She wants to know how she stands. Women depositors, fortunately, are few. Most women prefer to keep their money in a safety deposit vault where they can go and look at it and count it over for their own comfort. I know one bank president's wife in this city who has her own money which her husband allows her. She won't deposit it in his bank, and he told me one day he was glad of it. She has her own tin box in a safety deposit vault.

Smoke Pictures.

This interesting fancy in art was conceived by a German artist of celebrity, who heard of a widow and children sully in need. He repaired to the cafe where he knew the widow and her children, laid the sad tale before them and exhorted them to contribute to her need. They were not in the mood and refused to give even the smallest coin. At this the artist withdrew to the other corner of the room, seated himself in a chair and was soon forgotten. Pres-



ently he returned, holding up a plate with a picture on it. His friends immediately flocked around him to admire this work. After listening to their praises, he offered it for sale to the highest bidder. The bidding was spirited, and the plate was finally sold for a large sum.

"Now," said he, "this money is for the widow to whom you would give nothing to save her from starvation, but you would give this sum of money for a plate with smoke upon it! A lighted candle or taper, just far enough away to be sure that the wick does not touch; if it did this, it would become gray. Wave it steadily to and fro so as to scatter the flame evenly; otherwise it blackens in spots. When the plate has a smooth tone over it, a soft camel's hair brush is used in working. First, make your rough sketch; then point a match and put in the strongest lights. The long-haired camel's hair brushes are the best for this.

To preserve the picture so that it may be hung on the wall and dusted without injury, pour French retouching varnish over the surface, leaving just enough to cover it, and let it dry, which it does rapidly. Care must be taken to keep it from the dust while drying.

HAUNTS OF THE SEAL.

Driving and Killing at the Pribylov Islands.

A Comprehensive Insight to the Behring Sea Troubles—A Triangular Affair.



BULL AND HALLUCINATIONS.

There has been a great deal of unnecessary talk about a possible war between the United States and Great Britain over the right to kill seals in the Behring Sea and the seizure of a British vessel for poaching there. A glance at the merits of the question, says a correspondent writing from Port Townsend, T. I., is enough to satisfy any reasonable person that such a war is not only improbable, but absurdly so. Great Britain is quite as much interested in the preservation of the seal fisheries of Alaska as is the United States. Russia's interest is equal to that of either of them. All three of these nations derive a handsome revenue from the catch of the seal, that of the United States and Russia lying in a tax on the catch itself, while England gets her's through the preparation of the skins for market. The Pribylov Islands, belonging to the United States, and the Commander Islands, belonging to Russia, are practically the only seal fisheries in the world. They are all under the control of an American company and supply more than ninety-five per cent. of the seal catch. All of these skins, the only valuable part of the seal, are shipped to London, where a very large percentage of them, virtually indeed the product, are first sold in the raw state and then dyed. This dyeing of sealskins is purely an English industry, and England's government always protects England's industries. She realizes too clearly that seal poaching can never become a source of profit to more than a handful of her citizens and will therefore interpose no objections to its suppression.

When first discovered these animals abounded in almost countless numbers in the sea where they should not be. About to-day but for the indiscriminate and senseless slaughter carried on among them for nearly a century by unscrupulous but energetic men, who cared only for their immediate posses-



DRIVING THE SEALS.

sion and worked regardless of the future. Whether those persecuted, helpless creatures were all killed off, or whether they took refuge in Behring Sea is not known. It is, however, a fact that the seals are corded into packages of two each, with the hair outside. These packages are in turn packed into hogheads containing twenty to forty skins, in which shape they are sent to London to be dyed.

The demand for seal garments is steadily increasing, while the supply must for many years at least remain fixed at about 170,000 skins per annum. It is therefore apparent that there will be no immediate decrease in price. On the contrary the sales in London last October showed an advance over those of former years.

From that time on for nearly a century the slaughter went on until 1898 the Pribylov Islands became part of the United States. The purchase of Alaska from Russia. It was not until the Alaska Commercial Company was formed in 1870 that a system was adopted, which seems to have proved successful, for the protection of the seals during breeding time. No fault has been found with this system save by a few disgruntled poachers, who cry "monopoly" because the Alaska Company has the sole right to kill seals both on American and Russian territory. It is to protect this system that the United States maintains that Behring Sea is a closed sea. Russia will uphold this claim and England's self-interest will prevent her from making a serious question of it.

HABITS OF THE SEALS.

The seals are not at the Pribylov Islands during the entire year. They only come there during the breeding season, which lasts from early in May until late in September. When the seals come from the make-up of women—her profound and tender sympathy. Humor deals with the weakness of humanity; it exposes the foibles and punctures tender skin. Humor sets the world laughing at some of our most serious and reform. Follies are too serious in her eyes to laugh at. If women were humorists they would not be the most earnest church-workers, the most tender of nurses, and the most sentimental and refined portion of humanity. The same inherent quality which would make a true woman, a real woman, shrink as judge from pronouncing a death sentence, or soldier from shooting an enemy through the heart, makes it impossible for her to become a humorist. With a woman may have, with she does possess, and in a formidable adversary with her stiletto points of irony and satire. But humor in the common acceptance of the term, in the careless, rollicking, stinging art of current quips and jests—never.

A Finnish newspaper is to be started at Houghton, Mich. It should never contain a continued story.

FOR SCIENCE'S SAKE.

How a Young Lady Submitted Herself as a Victim.

Long had they sat in the gloaming, listening to the soft music of the cooling breeze that stirred the leaves of the noble elm whose slanting branches stretched above them.

"Laura," said the young man, as he crushed the young life out of a winged insect whose attentions had bored him considerably. "I saw a statement in the paper to-day that if you hold your breath when a mosquito is biting you it can't draw its bill out, and you can kill it in the act."

"Horror!" exclaimed the gentle girl, as she shuddered and drew her dress wrap closer about her lovely form. "The idea, George, of letting a mosquito, to sting you long enough to find out such a thing! I could never endure it!"

"And that reminds me," continued George, as he made a wild jab at the lack of his neck, and closed the earthly career of one more confiding insect, "of another statement I saw in the same paper—that people always hold their breath when they are—when they kiss."

A silence followed more eloquent than the softly spoken words of the young man. It was broken at last by the voice of the lovely Laura.

"George," she said, in a low, quickly uttered willing-to-test-it-in-the-interest-of-science accents, "I feel a mosquito biting me!"

The wind sighed faintly in the tree tops, the voice of the katydid rasped the patient air, the stars glimmered and twinkled in the blue, ethereal firmament, and at the end of nearly three-quarters of a minute that misguided mosquito perished miserably.

STYLES IN BEARDS.

Fashion Changes Even in This Respect.

"I learned my trade forty years ago in Boston," said a leading barber to me yesterday, as he trimmed my hair, "and it is surprising how long a fashion in hair or whiskers will last. Now a fashion in clothes doesn't generally last longer than ten years, but a fashion in the cutting and dressing of hair and whiskers will last twenty or thirty years. Take moustaches, for instance. They came in about twenty-five years ago. I can remember very well when a moustache was regarded as the badge of a fop, an idiot or a gaudy. It was as much as a man's reputation was worth to let his hair grow on his upper lip. But now, ministers and everybody else wear them, and I am afraid I will not live long enough to see them go out of fashion. Anything to beat the barbers, you see."

"Then there is no fashion of wearing the hair short. About the time that moustaches came in long hair went out. Before that everybody wore long hair, and had it curled, too. Yes, sir; I used to keep my curling-iron around all the time for it was just as common with men then as it is with women now to have their hair curled. The fashion of having the hair clipped very short, except on top, where it is left quite long, is called the Pompadour, and is only about twelve years old, though the clippers with which the work is done were invented three years earlier. The practice of brushing the hair by machinery run by steam started about twenty-five years ago, and was given up about ten years ago on account of the accidents that occurred, inflicting injury on the customers."

ANOTHER FORTUNATE MAN.

A Young Breaker Boy at Plymouth Draws a Prize of \$5,000.

Upon being informed that a young man in Plymouth, by the name of Herman Barney, had drawn a \$5,000 prize in the Louisiana State Lottery, our reporter was instructed to interview him and learn the truth in regard to the report. He found Mr. Barney at the East End Store, on Welsh Hill, a suburb of Plymouth, and about four miles from this city. Mr. Barney is a pleasant young gentleman of about twenty-three years of age. After stating his business the reporter proceeded to interview him.

Rep. "There is a story out, Mr. Barney, to the effect that you have been quite fortunate in a Louisiana State Lottery investment. Is there any truth in the report?" was my first question.

"Yes, sir," he replied, "I was fortunate enough to draw \$5,000 in the July drawing."

"What was the number of your ticket?" I next asked.

"I held ticket No. 58,097 which drew one-twentieth of the second capital prize of \$100,000."

"Were any other persons interested with you in your investment?"

"Yes, sir. Andrew Brennan and Logan Harris, both friends of mine, had been sending for tickets every month for some time, and last July I thought I would invest a dollar and see if I could not hit it."

"Which you did, fortunately for you. Did your friends realize anything from their venture?"

"No sir, only in this way. We made an agreement that if either of us should draw anything less than \$5,000, the lucky one should pay the other two one month's wages and also pay the expenses of all three for a month's trip to the seashore."

"Did you take the trip?"

"Not as yet, but we may go in September. But we settled our agreement by giving them each one hundred dollars. Now, if we go to the seashore each man must pay his own expenses."

"Was this your first investment?"

"Yes, sir; however, I have sent for a ticket in the September drawing."

Mr. Barney also told me that he had lived there all his life, and had never worked, except in a breaker, up to last July. Then he left, and does not intend to work in one again, for he said, "I have bought one lot with a house on it, and two vacant lots on which I intend building two single houses. When these are completed I will have three dwellings that will bring me in about fifteen dollars per month, each, and that ought to keep me. Besides I have kept some of the money by me, and if I see a good opportunity to invest to advantage, I will do so."—Hillsboro (Pa.) Telephone, August 24.

Just as Reasonable as Lots of Things They Do.

A New York laborer who was caught by a falling beam and pinned to the earth, was promptly ordered by a policeman to move on, and when he failed to do so he was vigorously clubbed. A policeman said it wasn't his fault that the beam fell.

A Bargain for Homebody.

There is a bull in Van Wert County, O., which has gored seven men, two horses, a mule and a calf to death, and yet he is only 6 years old and his selling price is \$40.

FOR SCIENCE'S SAKE.

How a Young Lady Submitted Herself as a Victim.

Long had they sat in the gloaming, listening to the soft music of the cooling breeze that stirred the leaves of the noble elm whose slanting branches stretched above them.

"Laura," said the young man, as he crushed the young life out of a winged insect whose attentions had bored him considerably. "I saw a statement in the paper to-day that if you hold your breath when a mosquito is biting you it can't draw its bill out, and you can kill it in the act."

"Horror!" exclaimed the gentle girl, as she shuddered and drew her dress wrap closer about her lovely form. "The idea, George, of letting a mosquito, to sting you long enough to find out such a thing! I could never endure it!"

"And that reminds me," continued George, as he made a wild jab at the lack of his neck, and closed the earthly career of one more confiding insect, "of another statement I saw in the same paper—that people always hold their breath when they are—when they kiss."

A silence followed more eloquent than the softly spoken words of the young man. It was broken at last by the voice of the lovely Laura.

"George," she said, in a low, quickly uttered willing-to-test-it-in-the-interest-of-science accents, "I feel a mosquito biting me!"

The wind sighed faintly in the tree tops, the voice of the katydid rasped the patient air, the stars glimmered and twinkled in the blue, ethereal firmament, and at the end of nearly three-quarters of a minute that misguided mosquito perished miserably.

STYLES IN BEARDS.

Fashion Changes Even in This Respect.

"I learned my trade forty years ago in Boston," said a leading barber to me yesterday, as he trimmed my hair, "and it is surprising how long a fashion in hair or whiskers will last. Now a fashion in clothes doesn't generally last longer than ten years, but a fashion in the cutting and dressing of hair and whiskers will last twenty or thirty years. Take moustaches, for instance. They came in about twenty-five years ago. I can remember very well when a moustache was regarded as the badge of a fop, an idiot or a gaudy. It was as much as a man's reputation was worth to let his hair grow on his upper lip. But now, ministers and everybody else wear them, and I am afraid I will not live long enough to see them go out of fashion. Anything to beat the barbers, you see."

"Then there is no fashion of wearing the hair short. About the time that moustaches came in long hair went out. Before that everybody wore long hair, and had it curled, too. Yes, sir; I used to keep my curling-iron around all the time for it was just as common with men then as it is with women now to have their hair curled. The fashion of having the hair clipped very short, except on top, where it is left quite long, is called the Pompadour, and is only about twelve years old, though the clippers with which the work is done were invented three years earlier. The practice of brushing the hair by machinery run by steam started about twenty-five years ago, and was given up about ten years ago on account of the accidents that occurred, inflicting injury on the customers."

ANOTHER FORTUNATE MAN.

A Young Breaker Boy at Plymouth Draws a Prize of \$5,000.

Upon being informed that a young man in Plymouth, by the name of Herman Barney, had drawn a \$5,000 prize in the Louisiana State Lottery, our reporter was instructed to interview him and learn the truth in regard to the report. He found Mr. Barney at the East End Store, on Welsh Hill, a suburb of Plymouth, and about four miles from this city. Mr. Barney is a pleasant young gentleman of about twenty-three years of age. After stating his business the reporter proceeded to interview him.

Rep. "There is a story out, Mr. Barney, to the effect that you have been quite fortunate in a Louisiana State Lottery investment. Is there any truth in the report?" was my first question.

"Yes, sir," he replied, "I was fortunate enough to draw \$5,000 in the July drawing."

"What was the number of your ticket?" I next asked.

"I held ticket No. 58,097 which drew one-twentieth of the second capital prize of \$100,000."

"Were any other persons interested with you in your investment?"

"Yes, sir. Andrew Brennan and Logan Harris, both friends of mine, had been sending for tickets every month for some time, and last July I thought I would invest a dollar and see if I could not hit it."

"Which you did, fortunately for you. Did your friends realize anything from their venture?"

"No sir, only in this way. We made an agreement that if either of us should draw anything less than \$5,000, the lucky one should pay the other two one month's wages and also pay the expenses of all three for a month's trip to the seashore."

"Did you take the trip?"

"Not as yet, but we may go in September. But we settled our agreement by giving them each one hundred dollars. Now, if we go to the seashore each man must pay his own expenses."

"Was this your first investment?"

"Yes, sir; however, I have sent for a ticket in the September drawing."

Mr. Barney also told me that he had lived there all his life, and had never worked, except in a breaker, up to last July. Then he left, and does not intend to work in one again, for he said, "I have bought one lot with a house on it, and two vacant lots on which I intend building two single houses. When these are completed I will have three dwellings that will bring me in about fifteen dollars per month, each, and that ought to keep me. Besides I have kept some of the money by me, and if I see a good opportunity to invest to advantage, I will do so."—Hillsboro (Pa.) Telephone, August 24.

Just as Reasonable as Lots of Things They Do.

A New York laborer who was caught by a falling beam and pinned to the earth, was promptly ordered by a policeman to move on, and when he failed to do so he was vigorously clubbed. A policeman said it wasn't his fault that the beam fell.

A Bargain for Homebody.

There is a bull in Van Wert County, O., which has gored seven men, two horses, a mule and a calf to death, and yet he is only 6 years old and his selling price is \$40.

Understand the Owner.

"Your reference to the bantering style of doing business calls up many funny reminiscences," said an old merchant to a Uicce Observer man.

"I took place in a neighboring country store. The proprietor was noted for being particularly affable and obliging to his customers, and he had a clear-headed and smart young man for clerk. One day one of the best customers of the store called to buy a dress pattern. The price was seventy-five cents, and after a long talk the clerk closed the bargain at seventy cents. While the clerk was selecting trimmings, etc., in another part of the store, the genial proprietor came along rubbing his hands, inquired after the family of the customer, praised her taste in selecting that particular line of goods, and as a special favor to a good customer let her have it for sixty-eight cents per yard. The clerk returned and the lady told of the reduction the proprietor had made. The clerk was furious, but not in the least disconcerted. He saw that if the customers thought that he was selling higher than others in the store they would avoid him and his discharge would follow. So he says: 'I just looked at the bill and can sell you that piece at sixty-eight cents a yard.'

"When the deal was completed the proprietor was as angry as the clerk. 'Do you know that I made the price sixty-eight cents?' said the proprietor.

"Yes," said the clerk, but I want you to understand that no man can undersell me in this store."

"He kept his job."

Spice of Life.

When a man falls to drinking it is not long before he falls to falling.

The Grand Army boys are big guns, but they draw the lines at some of guns.

We wish to state officially that a busted dam has nothing to do with a broken oath.

Railroad employees do not consider a red-letter day when they get their blue envelopes.

The court-house is not necessarily a sad place because so many plaintiff stories are heard there.

The man who tries to argue a woman into loving him may succeed, perhaps, but he must have a long life and no rival.

"Papa, why do they call it labor day?" "Because, my son, it is the day on which workingmen do not work."

A queer question: Cora—I really must be careful not to give Mr. Smythe any more encouragement, for I do not want to hurt his feelings. Edith—He has not proposed, has he? Cora—No.

"Then there is no fashion of wearing the hair short. About the time that moustaches came in long hair went out. Before that everybody wore long hair, and had it curled, too. Yes, sir; I used to keep my curling-iron around all the time for it was just as common with men then as it is with women now to have their hair curled. The fashion of having the hair clipped very short, except on top, where it is left quite long, is called the Pompadour, and is only about twelve years old, though the clippers with which the work is done were invented three years earlier. The practice of brushing the hair by machinery run by steam started about twenty-five years ago, and was given up about ten years ago on account of the accidents that occurred, inflicting injury on the customers."

The Queen of Greece is a clever artist. She probably paints in oils.

Fits—All Fits stopped free by Dr. King's Great Nerve Restorer. No Fits after first day's use. Nervous cures. Treatise and \$2.00 bottle free. Fit Cases. Send to Dr. King, 307 Arch St., Phila., Pa.

Gents' trousers are becoming so wide that it will soon be a proper thing for a lady to take the lead in ascending a stairway.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria. When she was a Toddler, she loved for Castoria. When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria. When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

Female harpers are not having much success. Gentlemen will not go to them because they dislike to be cut by a lady.

America's finest—"Transit's Punch" Cigars.

Do you wish to know how to have no steam, and not half the usual work on wash-day? Ask your grocer for a bar of Dobbin's Electric Soap, and the directions will follow. Write for more information. There are lots of them.

Dressed beef should be dressed as cool as possible this weather.

The Best Testimonial.

Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery is the only guarantee of the named cures of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, which warrants that wonderful medicine to benefit or cure in all cases of those diseases for which it is recommended, or money paid for it will be returned. It cures all diseases arising from torpid liver and impure blood, and their names are legion. All Skin, Scap and Scrofulous affections, Eruptions, Sores and Swellings, Salt Rheum, Tetter, Erysipelas and kindred diseases, are among those in which the "Discovery" effected marvelous cures.

When everything else fails, Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy cures. 50 cents, by druggists.